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A WISE PRECAUTION.

Colonel Greytop: MISS UPTOWN, I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE—
A SOLDIER—ONE OF THE BALAKLAVA SIX HUNDRED.

Miss Uptown: ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED! OH, COLONEL, HADN'T I BETTER SEE MAMMA
FIRST?





~ C. G. Ganther's Sons ~ ~ Furs ~

Jackets, Wraps, Coats and Mantles.
Shoulder Capes, Pelerines, Cravattes.
Choice and exclusive designs - Moderate prices.
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NEW YORK.

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Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dresses. Mantles, Tailor-made Garments and Millinery for all occasions. Entirely exclusive and original designs and materials for taking orders.

Boys' and Children's Clothing and general outfitting. Infants' Wardrobes.

TOWN CARRIAGES — AND — SPORTING TRAPS.

Our productions have maintained their reputation for uniform excellence of quality for upwards of a quarter century, and are admitted to be the fashionable standard. All parts entering into the construction of a vehicle are manufactured on the premises under our careful personal supervision, insuring that uniform standard of quality for which our house is well known.

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BROADWAY, 47th to 48th ST.,

ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Moonstone Cut Glass.



THIS is the name given to something entirely new. Fall in rich Cut Glass, adding to its usual brilliant pearly warmth and softness of finish,—instantly suggest that of the moonstone—which will be found very attractive. We carry a large assortment, including Bon-Bon or O Dishes, Bowls, Nappies, Celery Trays, Rose Bowls, Pu Bowls, Ice Cream Sets, etc., etc., and ranging in price from \$2.25 to \$90.00. Send for descriptive price list.

Samples sent *prepaid* to any address in the United States, with privilege of return if not entirely satisfactory. It is proving for many the desired "something new" for wedding and christmas presents.

W. H. GLENNY, SONS & CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Art in Stationery



WE have just issued a little book (Price, cents by mail, postpaid) which is a complete guide to ladies in the use of correct stationery. title is :

"STATIONERY FASHIONS."

Full information as to Styles of Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, Note Papers, Reception Cards, etc., etc., is here given.

Artistic Engraving of Wedding Invitations, Reception and Visiting Cards

This work is done on our own premises under our personal supervision. All orders, both large and small, receive prompt and careful attention.

OUR STOCK OF NOTE PAPERS!

is very complete, and comprises all the most staple grades and many novelties.

Opening of New Goods from VIENNA, PARIS, LONDON.. Selected by our own buyer in these three markets, we have now on exhibition and a rare collection of novelties, to which we ask the attention of ladies who are

BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN BRONZE.

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Please Call and Examine. Correspondence Invited. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers and Stationers

31 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



A WOMAN'S REASON.

Clara: JACK INTENDS TO HAVE EVERYTHING HIS OWN WAY WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.

Clara's Mamma: THEN WHY DO YOU MARRY HIM?

Clara: TO RELIEVE HIS MIND OF A FALSE IMPRESSION.

SOME EXTRACTS.

PROFESSIONAL snobbery has reached its apex in the person and in the book of Mr. Ward McAllister. It is saddening to know that an adult American can have so little self-respect as to produce such a work, but, happily, there are few members of the reading public who take this gentleman seriously.

In speaking of a girl whose reckless parents had placed her in his hands for an introduction in "society," he says:

I showed her whom to smile upon and on whom to frown; gave her the *entrée* to all the nice houses; criticized severely her toilet until it became perfect.

Had ever budding womanhood a more glorious opportunity for the development of character!

In another place this simple patriot remarks:

If you want to be fashionable be always in the company of fashionable people.

We are informed, moreover, that:

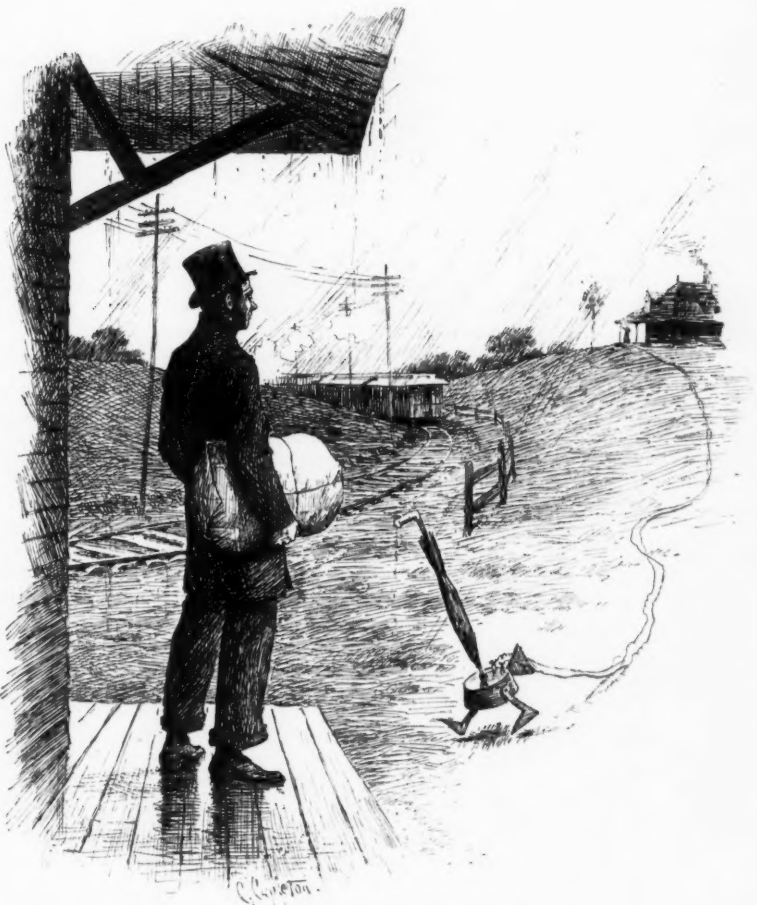
It is in excessive bad taste for such relatives to in any way

refer to the cost of these dinners, balls, etc. Every one in society knows how to estimate such things.

The gifted author takes it for granted that the guests, as they gather at the table, at once proceed to calculate the cost of the entertainment. An abnormally developed snobbishness, abetted by the almost impossible vanity of this unfortunate citizen, are the only discernible reasons for the existence of such a volume.

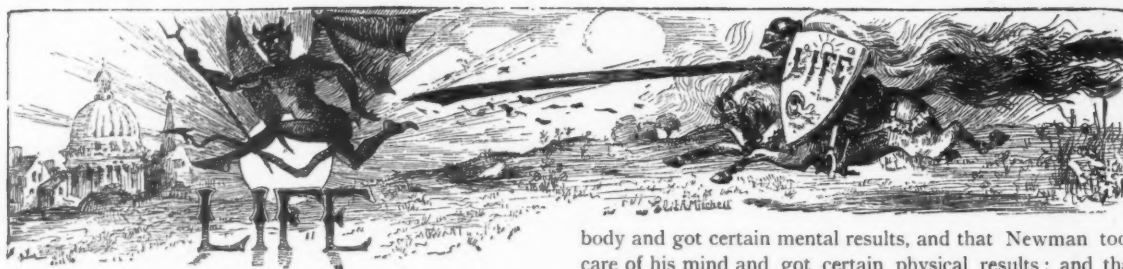
The following touching incident illustrates in a faint way the modesty and good taste that characterize the work:

A great compliment once paid me in Newport was the speech of an old public waiter, who had grown gray in the service, when to a *confrère* he exclaimed: "In this house, my friend, you meet none but quality."



THE EDISON ELECTRIC UMBRELLA WALKER.

Mr. Paterson: PAULINE NEVER FORGETS ME ON RAINY DAYS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER 30, 1890. No. 409.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. and XV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THE death of those two good men of letters, John Henry Newman and John Boyle O'Reilly, within a day of one another, suggests some lay speculations upon the relations of the human mind to the human carcass. Cardinal Newman's body seems to have been rather a poor affair that he never attempted to have any fun with, and of which he merely desired that it should provide his brain with blood enough to work with. The cardinal's value from a manual labor point of view was very modest. In that respect he was in strong contrast with O'Reilly, who would have made a first-class coal-heaver, and could probably have registered more foot-pounds of muscular exertion in a week than the cardinal put forth in the whole term of his connection with the holy Roman church. And yet, though O'Reilly had such a fine body, and took so much pains with it, and Newman had such an ordinary physique, and only gave it such negative sort of attention as was included in simple diet, due rest and moderate exercise, Newman lived twice as long as O'Reilly, and did perhaps three or four times as much important work with his head.

AND yet O'Reilly's life work was headwork as much as Newman's. His power was intellectual. His canoeing and sparring and athletic exercises were only by-play, which doubtless gave him pleasure, but of which it seems safe to infer that the true end and purpose was to keep him in good health, and keep his mind strong and clear. An intellectual man is bound to grow more interested in what his brains can do than what he can get out of his muscles, and ultimately what O'Reilly wanted of his body was just what Newman wanted, with this difference, that O'Reilly wanted his carcass to furnish him with more or less entertainment by the way, whereas Newman was content to have all his fun in his head. At what comes now perhaps the doctors will frown, but it seems to the lay mind as if the distinction between O'Reilly's method and Newman's, was that O'Reilly took care of his

body and got certain mental results, and that Newman took care of his mind and got certain physical results; and that Newman's physical and mental results far exceeded those that O'Reilly got.

O'REILLY'S purpose seems to have been to make his body support and nourish his mind, but Newman's practice, in effect, seems to have been to make his mind dominate his body and keep it alive. For the vital element in Newman wasn't lungs, or liver, or heart, or brains; it was *mind*. It was his intellectual part of him that kept his body above ground, just as it is the intellectual part of Mr. Stevenson that keeps that admirable writer—long may he endure—in a sphere where he can instruct and delight us.

SO at least it seems to a lay journal which has never had the advantage of those experiences which seem to make the average physician much more alive to the influence of matter on mind than of mind upon matter. You constantly hear of the doctors stopping somebody's headwork and sending him off as though headwork was the natural enemy of health. Why do they never seem to find cases in which they may reasonably reverse the process, and order the patient to stop loafing and do something with his mind? Even laymen know that reasonable headwork is conducive to the general health. Why don't the doctors prescribe it sometimes? You can trust them to stir up the physically lazy people, and make them use their muscles for their health's sake, but the mentally lazy they seldom treat in a corresponding way, except, indeed, by that favorite prescription of all the modern doctors, the Travel Cure, which is aimed at both body and mind, and which is responsible for a large share of those nomadic tendencies which contemporary observers like to scoff at. It is a common thing to see an invalid mind cured by the correction of a physical ailment. It is not so common, but still it is not unusual, to see reluctant organs respond to the exactions of the will, and help a man do his work, and find themselves better off for their exertions. Nor is it rare to see an active mind with a disciplined will behind it, put a shrinking and reluctant body through its paces year after year, till a gratified work has been piled up and finished. And yet while doctors justly insist that men shall ride horses, or dig, or walk for the good of their livers, they seem slow about suggesting that the mind may sometimes be exercised with profit to the same end. See if the time does not come when there will be intellectual gymnasiums where patients will be sent for the sake of the physical benefit to be obtained from the quickening of their mental processes!



IT hasn't taken long for the High Tariff to show that it was a Juggernaut. Even while the High Priests of Republicanism are chanting their pæans of victory over the passage of the bill, the people are beginning to feel the fatal powers of the god they are compelled to worship.

THAT uncouth but wily individual, the Mormon elder, would have us believe that he has a genteel sufficiency of wives and that polygamy is a lost art. Nevertheless, his missionaries are hard at work and additional wives keep on coming over by the ship-load.

THE Silent Senator from Pennsylvania is enjoying the hardest fight of his political life. Perhaps his enemies—that is to say all the good citizens of Pennsylvania—are enjoying it more than he is, and here's hoping their enjoyment will be largely increased the day after election.

THE stupid policy of the British Government in Irish affairs bids fair to fit Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien with *ante mortem* halos of martyrdom. While the government is trying to get hold of those political refugees, for the purpose of locking them up in Irish bastiles, the tender hearted British public is hard at work signing remonstrances against the Russian Czar's persecution of political offenders.



THE PRESIDENT ON THE PRAIRIES



Frithman



TOUCHING SPECTACLE OF A MORMON ELDER ABJURING FURTHER PLURAL MARRIAGES



BOOKISHNESS

A NOVELETTE BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

A TALE of thirty thousand words makes too small a canvas for George Meredith's special qualities—which is the reason for most of the obvious faults in his recently republished "Tale of Chloe" (Lovell). The ease of elaboration and prolific fancy which even overcrowd so bulky a story as "Harry Richmond," are, in the narrow limits of a novelette, as out of place as Gulliver in Liliput. One feels that great gaps are left in the story, and that the essential outlines of the picture are blurred. The final catastrophe is sprung upon one, not as an inevitable consequence, but as a wholly unreasonable action by a most reasonable woman. It is, of course, good art that the dénouement of a story should be unexpected, but it is a fault of art, that after the surprise, the reader should not be compelled to say to himself that the inevitable had happened.

BUT when all this is admitted, "The Tale of Chloe" remains a work of surprising originality and suggestiveness. No other novelist ever dreamed of characters like these, and yet they are of the highly probable types which you might have expected to meet in Brighton if you had lived a half century or more ago.

George Meredith's women are a class by themselves. When they are as he best likes them, they are haughty, capricious, passionate, but companionable. They have what



"LOOK OUT, SPORT, DIS IS LOW BALL."



"MINE'S HIGH."



Mr. J. Prophylgate Doolittle (a persistent suitor): IF I AM FOOR, I HAVE ONE CONSOLATION. THERE IS NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

She: WELL, IN YOUR CASE, MY DEAR BOY, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THERE WAS NO SHROUD.

most men and few women possess—the faculty of comradeship. *Chloe*, of the story, is like *Diana of the Crossways*, in this respect—for "she became the comrade of men without forfeit of her station among sage, sweet ladies, and was like a well-mannered, sparkling boy, to whom his admiring seniors have given the lead in sallies, whims, and flights." Such a woman can command the devotion of almost every type of man—except those men like *Caseldy*, of the story, who are vain and selfish. And by some strange fate they almost always fall in love with men like *Caseldy*—being captivated by their air of chivalry, which is wholly affected and artificial. The inevitable heartbreak results.

ANOTHER type of which Meredith is fond, is the child of Nature, who is impulsive and spontaneous in her actions which lead her perilously near disaster from which

she is generally rescued by a woman of the first mentioned class. The author depicts well their spirit but makes his usual error of ascribing to them the power of speaking brilliant epigrams, or of saying sparkling things without effort or training. Even the ingenuous *Duchess Susan* sins a little in fine language, and is bright enough to say: "I've been boxed up so long, I declare, Chloe, I feel like a best dress out for a holiday, and a bit afraid of spoiling."

* * *

THIS story, as everything Meredith writes, is filled with scenes and episodes that are almost grotesque, and always strange. But the surpassingly clear vision of the author, with his powers of vivid expression, makes them real to the reader—so that for a time he lives in a country where unheard of things happen naturally. Whatever may be justly said of the involved and complicated style which is Meredith's own, it still remains the perfect instrument for conveying his exact meaning to those who care to know it, or have sympathy with his genius.

Droch.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE. By W. Clark Russell. New York Harper and Brothers.

Sidney. By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The Legend of Llam and Other Bits of Verse. By Henry Russell Wray.

Kirsteen. By M. O. W. Oliphant. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Her Great Ambition. By Anne Richardson Earle. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Cigarette Maker's Romance. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

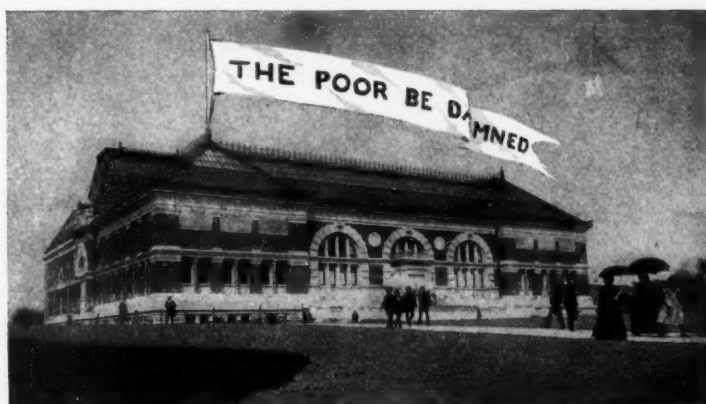
Our New England. Illustrated Text by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

RECEIVED FOR FRESH AIR FUND.

IN memory of Edgar Crocker, San Francisco, \$5.00; in memoriam F., \$25.00; The Bonrepos Whist Club (fives), \$11.00. These make the total for 1890, \$7,337.60.



A BUCK BORED.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE flag is not up yet and when finished will only be hoisted on Sundays. On week days poor people are admitted; that is, on the days they cannot get there. The broad philanthropy and comprehensive benevolence of the trustees of this useful institution are fitly expressed in the above tender motto.



HOW SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH, ETC.

Major Doublethumb (a museum freak, to his eldest born): HORATIO, YOU'RE TO STAY AT HOME TO-NIGHT; DO YOU HEAR?

Horatio: LOOK HERE, DAD, I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS AT ALL, BUT IF YOU ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE WITH MY LEAVING THE HOUSE, I'M BLOWED IF I WON'T PUT YOU IN A CUSPIDORE AND STAND YOU ON THE MANTELPIECE!

HOW WALLIE TODDIE MADE A BAD MISTAKE.



HE SELECTS A LITTLE GIFT FOR MISS A.



ON THE WAY TO MISS A.'S HOUSE HE ACCOMPANIES MISS B. FOR A SHORT DISTANCE,



AND NATURALLY OFFERS TO RELIEVE HER OF HER PARCEL.

BYRON WASTED.

"**H**EAR ME," he said, while bending low, "Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ." Then turned she white; then blushed she red; "I don't know any French," she said.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

LONDON, OCT. 30.—The war cloud that has been hovering over Bulgaria for some time has been hauled down for repairs. It is rumored in Sofia that ex-King Milan had the silver lining scraped off this cloud to pay his gambling debts, but the report is as yet lacking in confirmation. Should the rumor prove true, the present cabinet will probably resign or appeal to the country for a more plethoric budget with which to supply the deficiency. A cloud without a silver lining is manifestly utterly useless, and Bluffski, the present Bulgarian Premier, is undoubtedly right in insisting upon a thorough rehabilitation of this very desirable adjunct to peaceful government.

Lord Salisbury has issued a blue book dealing with his ejection from the Casino at Monte Carlo, on the evening when he and his Countess endeavored to join the free list within. It forms very interesting reading, and will probably result in the Prince of Monaco's being requested to apologize to the Premier or move his Casino in out of the wet and beyond the reach of her Majesty's cannon.

The story cabled to a Chicago paper last week that the Royal Family would strike for shorter hours and more pay, is absurd on the face of it. The Queen, who is fond of hard work, has frequently expressed great satisfaction with her position, and has not quarrelled much with the pay she gets. She is a little indignant over the employment of non-Union Kings in Bulgaria, but she keeps very quiet because of the dissatisfaction manifested by other Union Crowned Heads over her own course in employing scab sons-in-law. The report probably grew out of Wales's dissatisfaction. He has the notion that he is underpaid and overworked, and Battenberg is inclined to be of the same feeling, but that the movement will amount to anything is not generally believed.

President Carnot, of France, visited Napoleon's tomb on Friday, and left a yard of calico stamped with the lilies of France at the foot of the great Emperor's sarcophagus. This has called forth a letter from Plon-Plon, who claims that the act was a gratuitous insult to the Bonapartes, and clamors for the instant impeachment of the President.

Emperor Wilhelm is still nursing his right foot which was severely sprained in the removal of Bismarck from office. Bismarck has written an autograph letter to the Emperor assuring him that he never called him a puppy—adding that respect for his grandfather restrained him from giving expression to his feelings.

Wheat is now selling at par 5s. 8d. to 2s. 3d. off. Butter is strong, and Col. North, the Night Rate King, says that Telegraph Stock will soon be selling at above or below par.

The Czar has not been poisoned or blown up for three weeks, and is consequently much depressed.

Carlyle Smith.



THEY SAY GOOD-BYE AT THE CORNER, AND



WALLIE PRESENTS HIS LITTLE BIRTHDAY GIFT TO MISS A.,



AND THE UNFOLDING WAS A SURPRISE TO BOTH.



SO DID WE ALL OF US.

Maiden (who has been reading of the French way of conducting matrimonial alliances): MAMMA, YOU KNEW PAPA QUITE WELL BEFORE YOU MARRIED HIM, DIDN'T YOU?

Mamma (sadly): I THOUGHT I DID.

A GROWING EVIL.

MR. BINGS (*to his daughter*): Clara, is it possible that I saw you reading that realistic novel "At Last," yesterday?

CLARA (meekly): I am afraid you did, father.

MR. BINGS: Has it come to this, that the venomous serpent of corrupt literature, the insidious poison of overcharged and fetid imaginations, is even now tracking its crimson course through my very household! How was it; good?

AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION AVERTED.

PRINCE SANSSOU: Why not say "yes," darling? I know that the feeling I have for you is love. Why should you think I am mistaken? Why should you think I have deceived myself?

MISS ASTORBILT: Ah, your highness, that was an old copy of Bradstreet you saw.

WANT ADVERTISEMENTS—All the papers.



SOCIAL NOISAN
THE GIRL WHO THINKS MORE OF HER PETS T



SOCIAL NOISANCES.
HER PETS THAN SHE DOES OF HER FRIENDS.



THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

DON'T YOU NOTICE A STRONG ODOR OF ANISE-SEED, MR. LE CHASSE? I THINK HE MUST HAVE RUN TO COVER NEAR HERE.—"



GETTING IT THROUGH HIS HEAD.

AT A CHICAGO BAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A WELL-KNOWN EASTERN
LAWYER—*Elderly*.

A BAR-TENDER — *Statu-
esque*.

LAWYER: Will you give me
a glass of water, please?

BAR-TENDER (*coldly*): Of
what?

LAWYER: Of water, please.

BAR-TENDER: Anything else?

LAWYER: Nothing else.

BAR-TENDER: Nothing at all?

LAWYER: Nothing. I only
wish a glass of water.

BAR-TENDER: Plain water?

LAWYER: Simply plain water.

BAR-TENDER: Hot or cold?

MAN Proposes and Woman
Poses.

THE man who hesitates usu-
ally saves himself from loss.

A GREAT INVENTION.



"YES; MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIR IN THE WORLD. NOW, IF I
WISH TO RECLINE AT EASE, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO PRESS THIS
LITTLE BUTTON, AND UP SHE—"



COMES!"



ALPHONSO the Thirteenth of Spain, if he were old enough to talk plainly, would probably formulate the traditional Spanish tradition that the king can do no wrong. It is related of him that he was eating his luncheon of chicken as it was Queen Elizabeth's habit to eat hers, when his attendant said, reprovingly:

"Sire, kings do not eat with their fingers."

To which the baby tranquilly responded: "This king does," and went on undisturbed.—*Argonaut*.

"GIVE me a large ham," said a customer, as he entered a grocery store.

"Very sorry, sir, but I can't do it," replied the dealer.

"Why not? You have plenty here, and I am ready to pay for one."

"Oh, that's very different. You asked me to give you a ham, you know?"

"Oh, well, you needn't mind reaching it down. I'll buy it of a dealer who isn't quite so particular with his customers' language."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

THE following story was recently told by a Galveston high-school teacher:

At one time there was visiting in that city the famous Tom Ochiltree

and Mr. Mackay, the California millionaire, and the teacher in question gave out one day "Our Visitors" as the subject for a composition. Among those which were submitted was one by a bright girl which commenced as follows:

"We have in our midst two distinguished visitors, Mr. Mackay and Tom Ochiltree, representing, respectively, gold from California and brass from Texas."—*Argonaut*.

"MEN don't climb the ladder of fame at a single bound," the passenger in the salt-and-pepper suit was saying. "Success, like character, is a thing of slow growth."

"I think you are mistaken," said the passenger in the skull-cap, with a smile. "Men sometimes get pretty well up toward the top of the ladder by one jump, and they don't have to jump very hard, either."

"Do you happen to think of any instances in your own knowledge where a man won enduring fame by one act?"

"Well, yes. An instance occurs to me in which one speech made not only a man, but a city famous."

"Oh, yes. You are speaking of J. Proctor Knott and Duluth. Well, I'll admit that Proctor Knott is an exception. There are just two characters in history that made themselves famous by one speech."

"Indeed? Who are they?"

"J. Proctor Knott and Balaam's ass."

The man in the skull-cap smiled a rather sickly smile and went away presently to the other end of the car.

"Do you know who that chap is?" inquired the man in the salt-and-pepper suit of the passenger on the seat in front.

"Yes. That is J. Proctor Knott."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.



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Are unequalled for softness
of fabric & wearing
qualities.

Being far superior to any
similar imported goods.

Prices and samples furnished
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Received the Grand Gold Medal
at the Paris Exposition,
1889.

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JOHN MASON,

246 FIFTH AVE.,

FORMERLY WITH

TIFFANY & CO.,

Having completed his
stock of Table Furniture
for the coming season, is
prepared to show the new-
est examples of the silver-
smiths' and glass-cutters'
art, in both ordinary and
unique shapes, the designs
of many being entirely
original and produced
under his personal super-
vision.

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Alke-threpta?
A sample of
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RELIEF
FROM
PAIN.**

DR. GROSVENOR'S
**Bellcap-sic
PLASTERS.**

Avoid Imitations.

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POROUS
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MADE.**

The genuine has the picture of a bell on the back-cloth. 25 cents. Drug-
gists, or **Grosvenor & Richards, Boston, Mass.**